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TOBACCOS, CIGARS.

WIND FANTASIES.

Oh, wild and weful wind! case for one moment thy complaining dreary, and tell me if thou art not sad and weary,

Oh, houseless, homoless wind! It wrings my heart to hear thy sad lementing; Hast thou a wound whose pain knows no rele Canat never lay its burden by repenting? Oh, houseless, homeless wind!

Oh, sad and mournful wind!
From what wild depths of human pain and sorrow
Couldst thou those tones of restless angulah borrow
As of a soul that dreams of us to—morrow?
Oh, sad and mournful wind!

est, No home, no shelter, thou, poor pilgrim, knowest— Uh, solitary wind l

Most melancholy wind! Is thine a requiem o'er the dead and dying, Or art then some despairing spirit sighing O'er a lost puredise behind thee lying? Most melancholy wind!

Tell me-I long to know-

Art thou a wild and weary penance dotfig, Through the lone wilderness thy way pursuit Chased by the secret of tidne own undoing ? Tell me; I long to know.

No words to whisper thy most grievous story, Where thou didst lose thine ancient crown of glory, Ere thou wast banished to these deserts hoary? Hast thou no other voice?

dashing, The waves of ocean 'round the wrecked bark crash-Oh, thou art flerce and wild. Yet art thou full of woe, ce, thou wert Earth's angel when was

Perchance, thou wert Earth's ange.

lighted
Sin's lurid torch, and all her-bowers were blighted,
Thy poor heart by that awful shock benighted—
Thou art so full of wos.

Hast thou no hope, no hope?
That thy poor, weary pinton thou art flinging Against the star-paved floor, with cohoes ring!
Of angel footsteps and their anthem singing—
Hast thou no hope, no hope? And hast thou never heard That Sin's wild torch is quenched in blood atoning, And that in days to come Creation's groaning Will cose, and rapture fill the place of mounting?— Oh, hast thou never heard?

But thou wilt one day hear!

For heaven and earth will stand in silent wonder,
When Love unites what Sin hath rent saunder,
Freelaming victory in music-thunder—
And thou wilt that day hear.

And there thy walling, too, will cease forever, And thou, perchance, wilt float o'er Life's full river, And join the melody that ceased never— In heaven, where all is joy.

BUTTER.

"I ain't one o' that kind, now I tell ye! Ef a thing's to say, I say it square out; but Philindy Beers, she keeps a-butterin' and a-butterin' and smoothin' down an' strokin' over. Why, there

Miss Nancy Tryon was tall and gaunt and lean; scant gray hair was brushed back from her angular forehead and twisted into a tight knot behind, severely fastened with a yellow horn comb; her chin protruded a little, her black eyes stared and snapped, and generally expressed themselves in a pungent way; and her tongue-oh, her tongue! it was as untiring, as restless, as noisy, but by no means as useful, as a nail ma-chine. She had very little patience and very little charity, but, under her anappy way, her rapid judgments, her curt decision, lay a thoroughly honest and kind heart, which she was ashamed

to show.

"Well, now, Nancy," said her companion, Mrs. Bunnell, who had stepped in for a neighborly visit. "You know you're kinder arbitrary, you always was, and you do like to speak in meetin' whether there's a congregation or not, you always did; but I will say for't, your bark's worse'n your bite, I—"

Here Mrs. Beers knocked at the door.
"Come in!" shouted Miss Nancy pages. 'Come in !" shouted Miss Nancy, never

"Come in!" shouted Miss Nancy, never stirring from her chair—a flagrant violation of Strafford etiquette.
"Good-day, good-day! Why, Mis' Bunnell, how be you? I haven't seen you for quite a spell; and how do you get along, Miss Nancy?"
"So's to be crawlin'," snapped the pinster, glaring straight at the round, placid, smiling little figure of the Widow

Beers, who sat down in the nearest rocker, and put a pretty little basket on the door by her side. "Well, you do look real spry; I'm glad to see ye so well. And you're usually well, I see, Mis' Bun-nell. I fetched around a few apples off'n ny Astrykan tree to Sophrony Jones; she's real miser'ble,"

"Serves her right," broke in Miss Nancy, "What did she go'n' marry a hit'less, low-lived feller like 'Lish Jones or? She might ha' known that them hat makes brier beds for themselves has to lie on thorns," "Well, she seems to think considertble of him; I guess he's pretty good to her s'fur as he knows how to be."

"H'm! his goodness won't go no fur-er'n a hen-hop," sniffed Miss Nancy. "And, seein' I was a-comin' this way," acidly went on Mrs. Beers, "I thought

I'd fetch a few on 'em to you. I rek'lect you set by apples a good deal."
"I'm obleeged to ye," said Miss Nancy, still curt and decisive, but not "Hadn't you better set 'em into the buttery, Nancy?" suggested Mrs. Bun-nell, looking unconscious of a pun, but Miss Nancy glared at her with honest

Mrs. Beers began again in her mild "They do say, up to the Centre, Parson Styles is laid up with a dreadful spell o'quinsy."
"I guess he caught cold over to the Ma'sh weddin'," suggested Mrs. Bun-"It did pour down; I come over

nouse a-Tuesday evenin'; the weddin', 'I hain't been to no weddin'; hes De-

to-day half to see how you stood it,

siah Ma'sh made a goose o' herself to her time o' life?" "Why, no! mercy sakes, no! Why, I expected you knowed it; 'twas Janey-Janey Tryon an' Sam Phelps. I s'posed of course, seein' you was her aunt, you'd fetch around to see her married."

Miss Nancy was crimson with rage. "Jane Tryon an' Sam Phelps! I guess not! I told her a year back of I ever heard of one o' them Phelps boys a-shinin' up to her she needn't never look to "You didn't always think so, did ye?"

sarcastically inquired Mrs, Bunnell, who knew very well what old hurt and wrong had set Miss Nancy against the Phelps family; how Sam Phelps' uncle had "courted" pretty Nancy, and then run away with Jason Swift's daughter, the richest girl in Strafford, and left Nancy to make the best of it. The tau t made poor Nancy speech-less; she looked at Mrs. Bunnell, as

really looked to hev her rise up an' paw round and run her tongue out at me." But good Mrs. Beers said in her gen-tle way before Miss Nancy could speak, "Like enough she writ to ye, an' somehow the letter went astray; I've know'd

"Talk! dotalk!" shrieked Miss Nancy. "She hain't! I know she hain't! she knowed I wouldn't never go to no Phelps' weddin'; she done it a-purpose,

"Oh, I guess not," purred Mrs. Beere, Janey's a good girl; she's real feelin'. I know Miss Ma'sh has set by her like an own darter since she's hired out "She hadn't no need to go there any way!" broke in the exasperated aunt, "She could ha' lived here till the day after never, if she'd hev give that feller the mitten, and hed what I've got to leave when I'm dead and

gone."
"And you're good for 95, Nancy!"
laughed provoking Mrs. Bunnell
laughed provoking to come to ye, I s'pose laughed provoking Mrs. Bunnell. "Didn't happen to come to ye, I s'pose, that she'd maybe ruther live long o' Sam Phelps, in a house of her own, than be a hangin on to your skirts, so to speak, till she was an old maid herself? Well, what's done's done. I'm sorry to see ye so riled about it, but I must be see ye so 'ried about it, but I must be a goin'; I sot spenge this mornin', and I shouldn't wonder if 'twas clean over the pan by this. Folks has got to have bread's well's butter," and with a nod of farewell Mrs. Bunnell rustled out of

in echo to her derisive words as she swept through the narrow door, There ain't no butter about her!' growled Miss Nancy, "Sophi' Bunnell's prickly as a thistle, an' allers

"Well, folks is made different," said Mrs. Beers, gently. "We ain't all jest alike, and it's quite a mercy we ain't; all sugar or all salt would be as good as tasteless, I guess. Mis' Bunnell's real good to the sick, I've always heerd tell, and she's smart as a whip, besides." "Yes, 'n a whip with a stinger, too,'

was the curt answer. "Well, now," went on Mrs. Beers, "I feel real hurt for ye, Miss Nancy, about Janey, but I'm certain sure she never meant nothin' less than not to have ye to her weddin'; why, I know her rea well; she's as sweet as cream, naturally. Depend on't, twas all a mis-

"You no need to butter me up. Philandy Beers! I guess I know when I'm throwed over well's the next one. Jane hes gone an' done 'xactly what I said she shouldn't never do, and she knows it. I've got means to live on, an' more. I ain't no poor, despicable old maid. I've got money in the bank and a good farm, and I'll go in to Har'ford to-mor er if I'm spared and make my will to a lawyer's, and I'll will every cent to furmissions. I'll do it, sure's you're

"Oh, now, don't ye do nothin' hasty,

Miss Nancy! Let's see about it, now do; the's a'most always two sides to things, and ye know the scriptur' recom-mends for us to be slow to wrath; it's real easy to talk, but ye can't untalk, ye 'Nor I don't want to !" was the irate

swer.
"Well, I must say good-day. I've got to see to our folkses dinner some. Ann can do the most on't, but she ain't very mighty, 'nd mother's laid up with

And Mrs. Beers slid away quietly, eaving Miss Nancy alone.
Words are words only, we say sometimes, but how they can hurt or heal! Miss Nancy was grieved to the heart with Janey's conduct, and when Mrs. Bunnell exasperated her with sharp comment and keen taunt, she was ready in her rage to believe she would never speak to her niece again; but the Widow Beers' gentle suggestions fell on her soul like dew, and against her will, or

her consciousness, soothed her excited temper and wounded spirit. She was by no means ready to forgive Janey; but as she sat alone there and ed all the past, thought of the girl's bright, loving patience, her thought-ful care of her aunt and her likeness to the dear dead brother, and then-being a just woman, for all her temper and esty obstinacy-went back to the love of her own youth for an elder Sam Phelps, and the agony of loss and mor-tification she endured then, she began to see what Janey had escaped, and what she had found, and to look "also upon

the things of others." She would have resented sharply any intimation that "Pullindy" Beers had mollified her with the "butter" of her kindly, loving nature and speech but there was no one by to make such inti-mation, and when the sun set that night and the lonely old woman watched it from her doorsteps sinking in all the splendor of red and gold behind the hills, she felt that it was going down upon her wrath-and was reluctantly, but honestly, disturbed by the conscious

Meantime, Mrs. Beers, having helped 'Sar'Ann "-a poor old cousin to whom she gave a home—get the dinner and clear it away, and then made her mother comfortable for an afternoon nap, tied on her bonnet and set out for Janey Phelps' house, some two miles from her own in the opposite direction from Miss Nancy's; she found Janey looking like a wild rose as she sat sewing on the east door-step, enjoying the calm warmth of the late September day; everything about her exquisitely neat, her white apron and pink calico dress setting out with their clear tints her bright dark hair and eyes and colorless but healthy complexion, through whose smooth sur face emction always sent the very blush "Why, gettin' home from Mis' Ma'sh's of a rosy dawn. She flushed beautifully now when she saw Mrs. Beers comsmiling down the road, and ran to open the little gate for this first guest of her

Friendly greetings followed, and at last Mrs. Beers slid into the purpose of her visit. "You kinder took us all by surprise 'bout your weddin', Janey. I was beat to hear on't, I must say." "Well, Mis' Beers, we couldn't afford to have much of a weddin'. Sam's folks

live over to Hartland, most of them, an' Mis' Marsh hadn't really room to 'commodate them, and I haven't got anybody but Aunt Nancy, and she didn't come; me for no settin' out. Sam Phelps! of all created critters, I b'lieve them Phelps. "Didn't send no answer to ye?" queried Mrs. Beers, diplomatically.
"No; I told Tommy Marsh to wait

> said there wasn't any answer, "My land!" ejaculated Mrs. Beers.
> "Now, Janey, Miss Nancy never got no note from ye at all, and didn't never have an idee that you was a goin' to be married; she feels reel riled about it; she feels hurt, an' you can't no way dame her. She done well by ye jest so far forth as she knowed, while you stayed; you know she hed reason ac-

for it, so's to make sure; and he said she

to like the Phelpses; ef she had knowed your Sam, she'd hev liked him, she couldn't help it; but you see she kep' a mixin' him up with her Sam, the uncle, who wan't no more like him than chalk's like cheese; and ye know Miss Nancy's

real sot in her way, but she's good as gold when ye get down to it."

Janey's eyes filled.

"My senses! if I could get hold of Tommy Marsh—and there he is, sure's

"Set still! set still!" purred Mrs.
Beers. "Let me dead with the cretur;
he's fetchin' suthin' to ye; but he's
slipprier 'n an eel; ef he gits an idee
you know 'bout it, he'il cut 'n run." Janey took up her apron and went on with the button-hole, and Tommy, a freekled, green-eved, impudent urchin, pobbed his head at her and held out a

basket. "Ma sent ye over sublin' for to put inter the pantry," he said, in the monotonous tone of a repeated lesson.

Janey uncovered the basket.
"Why, just look here, Mis' Beers!
she has sent me four jars of jell; ain't she good?"
"Surely!" ejaculated Mrs. Beers.

The unwary boy snapped at the offer. "Guess there's one in my pocket," smiled the old lady, and began to pull out one by one the contents of that goodly repository. "I guess, Tommy, you haven't got

near so many things in your pocket as there be in mine," she said.

"I bet I have!" answered Thomas, and, quite forgetful of anything but em-ulation, he began to unload the stores of the room, her stiff calico seeming to hiss his own pouches. As he did so, eagerly and carelessly, a dirty note fell on the steps just at Mrs. Beers' side; she reached out for it. Tommy saw the reached out for it. Tommy saw the nanœuvre, grabbed ineffectually at the document and fled; it was the lost note

"Seems as though there was a Providence in it," remarked Mrs. Beers, but Janey did not hear, for she was running after Tommy with the emptied basket she had just brought out; suddenly she stepped on a stone, twisted her ankle

It was hard for Mrs. Beers to get her into the house and on to her bed, but Janey was not the fainting sort of we an, and between her courage and her visitor's patience it was managed. Mrs. Beers stayed and got the supper for Sam, and then trotted home, sending Mrs. Marsh back to take her place as she passed the house. Early the next morning she went over to Miss Nancy Try-

"Good mornin'," she said, beaming on that stiff old lady with the sunny homely countenance of a pumpkin in a

"Say, Miss Nancy, I've ketched a nice feller a-meddlin', betwixt you and Janey. I've got the note she writ to ye out Tommy Ma'sh's pocket; I guess he went fishin' or somethin' an' forgot it an' lied about it; anyway, here 'tis." Miss Nancy grimly opened it, and it ran thus:

DEAR AUNT: I have finally made up my
mind to marry Sam: I think a great deal of
mm, and he does of me, I expect, and it seefox
as if there wasn't any real good reason why I
shouldn't, save and except that you don't like
hun but I know you will after a while, and he in, but I know you will after a wh aks ever so much of you; he just hates his

Dear Aunty, you're all the people I have got, since father died, and you know how he set by you, and looked for you to be a mother to his I'm real sorry I vexed you about Sam, but I couldn't help it; please forgive me and come over to Mrs. Marsh's to-morrow night and see me married. Do, do! Sam says do, too. Your loving

"Dreadful sweet! most's good as

oney," growled Miss Nancy, in a voice alf-moved, half incredulous; but why did she wine her spectacles? Mrs. Beers went on in her soft voice : "I was down there las' night an' she kinder turned her ankle a-runnin' after that boy; I fixed her onto the bed an' got supper, but she can't step; she was

a-comin' right up here but for that, and cried real bad about it. "I think 'twould set her up dreadfully ef so be you could feel to forgive her fur enough to step around and help her a mite. I know it's dreadful hard to get over sech things, and she knows it, and is a-grievin' over it a sight; but I said, says I, 'Don't ye take on, Janey your aunt's jest as good as gold when you git down to't; she's one o'

them that's better'n they're willin' to show; any way I'll tell her to-morrer, and she'll do jest as she's a mind ter.'" "That's so!" said Miss Nancy, grim-ly, and Mrs. Beers, wise in her harmlessness, went home. Whether it was the note with its honest honey or Mrs. Beers' "butter" who can tell? A mixture of both, no doubt, but Miss Nancy, left to her own heart and conscience, softened at once, and, locking up her tiny house, set off to Janey's with a sachel in her hand. Never had she received such a welcome; even Sam's hearty handshake and frank smile were accepted as they were meant; and till Janey's ankle was thoroughly well the work and the nursing were done, as Miss Nancy did everything, as well as hands, head and heart could do them.

The very day she went back to her own house Mrs. Bunnell sailed in.
"Well said!" she exclaimed, "you've got over your huff, ha'n't ye? Philindy Beers hes butter d ye up good; well you're the last woman I ever expected would be smoothed over this way !

"Look a here, Sophi Bunnell!" snapped Miss Nancy, with alacrity and fire, "it tells in Scriptur' about eatin" butter an' honey so's to know how to choose betwixt evil an' good; well, I've eet 'em, and I've found out butter's a sight better'n briers be, anyhow!"
"Dear reader, don't we agree with her ?"- Youth's Companion.

Forbidden Fruit.

A child always covets that which is forbidden him; and yet the discipline of certain households consists, for the most part, in the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory laws. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is inscribed upon al-most everything which the child is likely to hanker after. All the trees in the garden are full of forbidden fruit. He s told that he must not take anything without asking; and he is well aware that asking will be in vain. Now, if you want to bring up your children so that they may become something, you must leave something to their own discretion.

The moral judgment needs to be disciplined as well as the moral sense.

In England, when a man is drunk, he is "on a fool;" in Chicago, he is "on a hoorah;" in St. Louis, he has a "dash too much up his nose;" in Kansas City, he is "ginned up for all that's out;" in St. Joe, "the benzine has the upper hold;" in Omaha, he is "on it bigger'n an Injun;" in Denver, he "slung in a bowl too much;" in Cheyenne, "the duffer's got it in the neck," and in Leadordin' to the natur of women folks not | ville, "the galoot's on a roarer agin!"

Dr. William Roberts, in an interesting series of lectures on digestive ferments, published in the Lancet, says The practice of cooking is not equally: neces sary in regard to all articles of food. There are important differences in this respect, and it is interesting to note correctly the experience of mankind has guided them in this matter. The articles of food which we still use in the uncooked state are comparatively few, and it is not difficult in each case to indicate the reason of the exemption, Fruits, which we consume largely in the raw state, owe their dietetic value chiefly to the sugar which they contain; but sugar is not altered by cooking. Milk is consumed by us both cooked and un-cooked, indifferently, and experiment instifies this indifference; for I have and on trial that the digestion of milk by pancreatic extract was not apprecia bly hastened by previously bailing the milk. Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general cor-rectness of the popular judgment on dietotic questions. The oyster is a most the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interest-"Tommy, don't you want a pep'mint?" ing to know that there is a sound physi-

ological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty part of the oyster is its liver, and this is little else than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriative digestive ferment - the hepatic disastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed imdiately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be di-gested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything. As Prof. Croom Robertson also suggests, Anacharist knows me when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach he can pick out that identical pebble among a thousand. Even the very ground on which I have trodden remains to him a faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. A bloodhound can track a uman scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to hu-man nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharist at this moment you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate He one day sat down to a dinner which and distinguishable scent out of every cost £30,000, and in the afternoon he one of them. And so he must, no doubt: or it even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must ave some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touch it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, here is nothing extravagant in the idea

that passing creatures may leave traces discoverable by keener senses on all the ebbles and straws which lie across the read. Thus the smells which make up re probably just as continuous and dis tinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other alf in the canine mind.—Harper's

Weekly.

not exacting.

Friendship has its duties. You owe y our friend sympathy in his sorrows and in his joys. You owe him confidence and the information about yourself which confidence implies. Yet that information is to be given with a certain reserve, so that you do not seem to force your affairs upon him, or to make him responsible for you. Of crises in which he could not aid you, or would be pained by his inability, it is of en wise to say nothing. There is a fine subtle instinct which guides in such matters. However near your friend brings you to him, you are to respect his individuality. Information that is purely personal you must wait for. If he does not volunteer it, be satisfied that he has his reason. Do not seek-above all, do not claim-it as a right of your friendship. Be generous,

A Tramp and His Drink. A dilapidated-looking tramp, with six-teen distinct patches on his clothes, and a plaster over his eye, went into a saloon, slapped down a worn-out dime and bawled out in a voice loud enough to be heard in Ogden: "Give me a soda-water cocktail with

the North pole in it," A crowd outside, thinking free drinks were to be set up, crowded into the sa-loon and watched and waited. The man of rags, who had ordered the North pole in his drink, ate up all the lunch he could find, chewed up the coffee and loves, and was tackling the mint, when the bartender quietly asked:
"What did you say you want in your drink, Mr. Gould?"

Mr. Gould steadied himself a moment, grinned on the crowd and at himself in the looking-glass, and replied:
"If you please, sir, I'll have the
North pole in it."

The bartender remembered an old piece of gas-tubing, about three feet in length, had been left around; he got it and blew some cayenne pepper down the inside, put one end of it in the cocktail, and smilingly handed it to Mr. Gould. Mr. Gould took it, gave a first prelimi ry pull, and then a hurricane arose. It eemed as though the combined tornadoes of eight Eastern States had broken loose. An immense conglomeration of legs, arms, hats, canes and bodies was observed piling out of the saloon a few moments after; and to-day, when the aloonkeeper reckons up the losses of a broken head, cracked mirror, scratched and stained counter, and liability of being sued, he will sadly remember the ast words of the tramp as he closed the door and shot up the street. - Salt Lake Tribune.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours. - ANCIENT MILLIONAIRES.

The Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds and Astors of Antiquity. Thousands of men have envied Astor, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Mackey, Keene, Gould and the other fellows who can buy strawberries at \$1 per box; but the richest of them are mere vagrants when compared to some of the ancients. There was Ninus, for instance. He was the son of Nimrod, the old hunter, who made the lions scratch for holes and ti-gers take to ditches. Old Nim left his boy about £130,000,000 in cash, besides 120,000 cattle, a piece of land about as big as Arkansas, and 14,000 likely slayes. There were no lawyers in those days who made a specialty of breaking wills, and young Ninus quietly took possession, and cast about for some plan to keep himself out of the rear key.

himself out of the poor-house. He was considered a poor young man, and had he been seen lugging his girl to an ice-cream saloon or riding out in a livery rig his friends would have said he would bring up in a garret. By a lucky capture of territory from the Assyrians, together with 20,000 slaves, 125,000 catthe ten wagon-loads of silver and jewels, and a few other trifles, Ninns walked up the social ladder until big bugs asked after his wife and babies, and he could lose three games of billiards without wondering if the owner of the saloon would take a "stand off," He was worth £350,000,000 when he died, and yet for the last five years of his life ke went without mutton because the price had raised to 3 cents a pound.

The heiress with a \$50,000 bank acthe heiress with a \$50,000 bank account considers herself some pumpking, but what a 3-cent piece she would have been alongside of Queen Semiramis. She not only had the lucre left by Ninus, but in ten years she had increased it fourfold. Just multiply £350,000,000 by two, and you have the amount of her bank balance, to say nothing of jewels and clothing and furniture and palaces and slaves and cattle. Had see sold out and cleaned up she could have drawn her little check for about £700,-000,000. She didn't worry about where her spring bonnet was to come from, and when a new style of dress goods came out she didn't sit up nights for fear some neighbor would secure a pat-tern first. While she made it lively for her enemies she was soft on her friends. She gave her waiting-mard \$500,000 in a lump for dressing her hair in a new style, and she tossed the same amount her dressmaker as a reward for the excellent fit of one particular dress. One day when she saw a poor old man trav-eling the highway on foot she presented him with 500 asses to ride on, and in-sisted on his accepting £50,000 to pay his toll and taveru bills.

Cyrus, King of Persia from the year 538 to 530, had some little change to be-gin with, and in ten years he could draw is check for £600,000,000. He didn't haggle over the price of a slave when a man came to buy, but presented him with 1,000. He at one time owned 30,-000 horses, 40,000 cattle, 200,000 sheep, 15,000 asses and 25,000 slaves, and when 000, he gave it away to some poor washwoman with seven children to support. cost £30,000, and in the afternoon he went on £50,000 drunk. The police didn't run him in, or he would doubtless have insisted on paying a fine of £20,000 and presenting his Honor with a corner house and lot in the toniest part of Baby-

King Menes was another well-heeled man. It was too much trouble to count his cash, and so he weighed it. One day when an old friend asked him for the loan of a few dollars nutil Saturday. night, he sent him a procession of 60 asses, each animal loaded with 100 pounds of gold coin. He paid £100,000 for a bird which could whistle, the same for a trick dog, and he had such a fondness for white oxen that he shelled out £25,000 apiece for them, and at one time had a drove of 2,000. When he got out with the boys he made things lively. During one spree in his city of Memphis, he gave away £500,000, and didn't get drunk at that. At one time he had 600,000 gold chains, 1,000,000 finger rings, 100,000 costly swords, 300,000 daggers, and land only knows how many fish-lines, jack-knives, cork-screws and tobacco boxes. His wife had £1,000,000 a year as pin money, and when his eldest son went up to Thebes to see the elephant, he was followed by 500 friends, 1,000 slaves, 2,000 horses and £500,000 for fare, checks and beer money.—De-

troit Free Press.

A Safety-Valve. On almost all boilers connected with engines there can be found a safety-valve (as it is called). Whenever the boiler gets too full of steam and is in danger of bursting, this little valve opens and lets the steam out. No one has to watch it, for it opens of itself. There was once a man who wanted to travel on a certain steamboat. He went to the boat and examined the machinery, but he found that there was not a safety-valve on the boiler; so he said to the Captain, "I guess I won't go on your boat, Captain. You haven't a safety-valve, and I am afraid the boat may be blown up without it."

room," said the Captain, "and I will show you the best safety-valve in the world." When they reached the engine room the Captain went up to the engineer, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said: "Tuere, sir, is my safety-valve,

"Come down with me to the engine

the best to be found anywhere—a who never drinks anything but cold "You are right, captain; I want no better safety-valve than that. I will go on this bont." He knew that the engineer would always watch the machinery, and if anything went wrong be would anow it instantly. Only a sober man could be trusted in the responsible posi-tion, and when the boat did have such a

man it had the best safety-valve in the world, -Good Words,

Furnished Rooms in Paris. Furnished rooms in Paris, Brick floor. Big bed. No carpets, French clock. Pienty of mirrors, Pint of water. No soap. Two chairs, One sofa, No door-scrubbing. Wax is the word. Wax the regenerator. Beeswax. Male hous-keeper ties lump of wax under his stockng and skates around floor with it. Floor thus polished. No elevators, Seven pairs of stairs, Water all brought from the court-yard. - Prentice Mulford.

are but two sorts of Government-one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strong-

The man was picked up a "well-filled pocket-book," the other day, was disgusted to find it full of tracts on